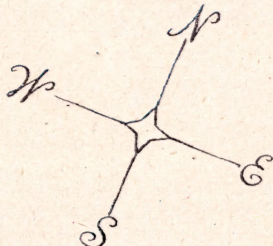


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FORD TIMES



december 1948



FORD TIMES

December 1948

Contents

Mountains of the Northwest	1
RICHARD L. NEUBERGER	
My Favorite Town—Southern Pines . .	6
JONATHAN DANIELS	
It's Christmas Again	14-15
FRANKLIN FOLGER	
Ice Fishing	16
BURGESS H. SCOTT	
Mesa Verde	23
DAMA LANGLEY	
Americamera— <i>East-West</i>	27
Transcontinental Honeymoon	36
Sea-Going Hot Rods	40
BRADY GIBBS	
Hottest Hot Rod	44
MELVIN BECK	
Americamera— <i>Christmas</i>	49
Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns . .	53
One-Picture Stories—13, 47; Maps of Mountains of the Northwest by Robert Collins—30, 31, 33, 35; Cartoon—46; Games—56; Contributors—inside back cover.	

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*Snow-crested Bailey Range in Olympic National Park
viewed from Hurricane Ridge Road. Color by Ray Atkeson.*

MOUNTAINS OF THE WEST

1-Northwest Panorama

by Richard L. Neuberger

*M*APS accompanying this article (pages 30-31, 33 and 35) illustrate in full color the topography of the Northwest in unusually detailed graphic relief. They were executed for the *TIMES* by Robert Collins and are based on the *Map of the Landforms of the United States* (copyright by Ginn and Company) by Prof. Erwin Raisz, director of the Institute of Geographical Exploration, Harvard University.

HERE BEGINS a series that will bring to **TIMES** readers the mountains of the United States in bold relief. Richard L. Neuberger, assuming the wide angle vision of a flying observer or a super Bunyan, in the following story unfolds a strip of the great Northwest, 300 miles north to south and 1,200 miles west to east—from Washington's Olympic Range to the Black Hills of South Dakota. Maps of the area concerned are included to aid the reader in following the course of the narrator. Neuberger approaches his subject from the sea and near Washington's coast meets his first mountain wall:

ONLY an occasional streak of grass, colored the light apple-green of a billiard table, peers through the dark shawl of fir and spruce that climbs past the steep shoulders of the Olympic Range. The dense foliage obliterates the ground. Rain, frequently as much as 130 inches annually, heaviest in the United States, has turned these forests into virtual northern jungles. The trees, standing trunk to trunk like a stockade, form a close weave which partially obscures even the white threads of glacial streams, foaming downhill toward salt water.

Persistent moisture has cloaked the rocks of the Olympics with moss and shaggy bushes. A somber majesty is the result, giving the aerial observer scant clue of the exhilarating quest for Chinook salmon and rainbow trout offered in the full-throated creeks. Off to the cloudy south, the jagged Olympics dwindle into the comparatively low hummocks of the Coast Range, a series of timbered ridges broken by the vast gateway where the Columbia River joins the sea.

A surging blue tongue of fresh water forks out into the Pacific as the Columbia discharges an icy cargo it has carried all the way from the Canadian sub-Arctic. Stern headlands, thrusting past the bar like the paws of a crouching lion, guard the river's mouth.

Behind the protecting fortress of seacoast mountains, sprawls a wide valley. The nomad in the sky looks down on loamy fields and neat orchards. Blotches of fir separate fields



Mt. Rainier. Color by Mike Roberts.

and pastures, and tell the traveler that a fourth of the Northwest's timber is cut on farm woodlots. This is the area where the great cities of the region fringe off into miles of new suburbs, which reveal the prodigious 33 per cent gain in population since 1940.

Back of Seattle, Tacoma and Portland towers the Cascade Range, a combination of green foothills and ghostly white volcanos whose lava cauldrons brim over no more.

Shorn of their volcanic monuments, the Cascades would be a western replica of the Adirondacks. Our aerial tourist sees impressive slopes fringed with fir and hemlock. Lakes lie cupped in the uplands like immense, shimmering mirrors. Every hollow and glen has its counterpane of water, close in time and space yet distant in environment from the burgeoning cities along Puget Sound.

Fishermen, canoeists and slender girls in bathing suits make these lakes of the Cascades the playground of the Northwest. Above the lakes loom the snowy cones which distinguish the Cascades from nearly all other American mountain ranges.

Rainier, Adams, St. Helens, Hood, Baker, Shuksan—they squat on the wooded hills at almost regular intervals. Each peak is separate; each has its own identity. Rainier, 14,408-foot capitol of this mountain domain, has a massive set of twin domes. St. Helens is a symmetrical mold of vanilla ice cream, sprinkled with the chocolate shot of scattered boulders. Hood soars to a church-steeple point. Baker is a gnarled gargoyle, ludicrously shrouded in white. As dusk creeps across the wilderness, these summits hover over the cities which gleam with countless red and yellow pin-points of light. Then it is that the silent volcanos seem like sheeted goblins in the baleful glare of a witches' fire.

Wing inland past the crest of the Cascades and the scene miraculously changes. This is a contrasting zone and climate, for the storms spawned in the Aleutians rarely scale the backbone of the mountains. The hundred inches of rainfall that drench the seacoast abruptly give way to twelve or thirteen. The creamy fogs shrouding Mount Olympus are superseded by a serene, dry atmosphere which outlines each mesa and rimrock in virtual *bas relief*.

Crags on the eastern slope of the Cascades are seamed with vermillion and deep purple, for no sod or moss cloaks their coloring. These ramparts flatten out into a desert of infinite space, where distances are tolled off by horizons rather than miles. Ranchers' children must attend "dormitory schools," at which they and the teacher sleep and eat from Monday until Friday. There is not time to get home each night.

The sagebrush is a dull gray coverlet with only an occasional rocky wrinkle. But water lurks in this gaunt land, for the Wenatchee and the Yakima and the Deschutes, tributaries of the Columbia, rib the desert with gorges. A burst of orchards and spire-like poplar trees tells where men have pumped water out of the chasms for irrigation. Cemented canals, twisting below the rimrock in the shape of serpents with rippled skin, form a dividing line between tumbleweed and peach blooms.

Off at the upper end of the desert, the Columbia River pours southward from the Selkirks of Canada. A tiny, crenelated wedge across the stream is Grand Coulee Dam, biggest edifice ever reared by human beings. If the observer peers closely he can see 230,000-volt transmission lines stretching across the sagebrush on stilts of steel. At the terminal of one such line spreads a jumble of smokestacks, water towers, chemical retorts and stereotyped barracks. This is Hanford,



Lake St. Mary in Glacier National Park. Color by Joseph Muench.

Washington, where plutonium for atomic energy is produced.

To the pioneers in buckskin and the old cavalry in blue, the upland desert seemed limitless, but our seven-league boots span it swiftly. Soon narrow mountain walls begin to bisect eastern Oregon. These are the Blue Mountains and the Wallowas, tentacle-like feelers from the main mass of the Rockies farther toward the rising sun. Back of Spokane, trading center of Washington's Inland Empire, commence the hilly ponderosa pine fastnesses of the Idaho Coeur d'Alene.

The tightly-woven fir shawl of the damp seaboard has long since been left behind. These arid pine forests are frilly embroidery with many eyelets. Through the eyelets park-like meadows show their sylvan glint. The trunks of the great pines, amply separated from one another, stand forth with the grace of Corinthian columns. Our sharp-visioned traveler can glimpse herds of elk or mule deer browsing contentedly.

Directly above the boundary between Oregon and Idaho, the sky wayfarer peers down into a yawning slot carved by

(continued on page 29)

My Favorite Town—

Southern Pines

by Jonathan Daniels

watercolors by Ranulph Bye

IT WAS WASTELAND. From the beginning it seemed more fit for pines than cotton. The tall long-leaves sent down their tap roots deep into a sand so porous that it swiftly sucked up all the water left by rain. And the long brown needles carpeted the dry galleries between the trees. The loggers, of course, came as the first tourists, hurrying through. They spilled the smell of turpentine under the sun and scarcely looked behind them at the stumps. They missed some trees. They left behind the little ones which have now grown into big ones — tower high along the lanes and around the rims of the golf courses. And they grinned a little when they sold what was left at a bargain and as a barren to some easily pleased Yankees who wanted to be warm, but who, in escape from zero, preferred an amiable winter to no winter at all. The bargain has seemed better in every year since.

Today, Southern Pines, North Carolina, is not quite sure when it prefers to be seen. It was christened, of course, for that period between October and April when New England shivers and in the Carolina Sandhills the bright sun drops black pine shadows on the brown pine needles. Now, after April, the peach trees blossom pink across thousands of acres. They were planted by those who liked the Sandhills so well that they preferred a living to a visit. They are the same people who linger beyond the golf tournaments, the field trials, and the polo games to kneel in the sand beside their dewberries.

Eight miles away, Pinehurst, which is only a winter rooming house for the rich, shuts all its doors till its main street looks like an abandoned movie set. But the station wagons still sit by the farm trucks under the magnolia trees on Broad Street in Southern Pines. The pines are always darkly beautiful but the peach blossoms, which we North Carolinians love



Road in the Sandhills

LIFE is slow-paced and informal in the town of Southern Pines, which has retained the charm of a friendly small town while growing into a popular winter resort. Here the long and sunny days of winter lead to an early spring when the acres of peach orchards burst into a cloud of pink blossoms. It is only fair to warn prospective visitors that most of the permanent residents started out as vacationists and "got sand in their shoes."

to see, are the tinsel of sweat and speculation, of much hope, some heartbreak, and a good deal of hilarity. Beside them, the man with the hoe may be the gentleman with the highball when the sun goes down. The man with the tractor may be the tourist who came down Route 1 before you or once got off the Seaboard for a visit overnight from New York. Southern Pines is the resort of the tourists who took it for themselves.

They move now at the pace of Carolinians talking the dialects of Massachusetts and Indiana. The schools have a New England quality and in them the children learn the casual consonants and slow vowels of Carolina. On the hill which runs up from Broad Street and the railroad, the houses under the pines mount from accommodations for pensioned school-teachers to the estates of the rich gentlemen of horses and hounds—and of wealthy widows who merely want to live quietly—though not too quietly—among the pines. There is a Chamber of Commerce and an almost equally energetic force opposed to many of its bright ideas.

Southern Pines began because many people wanted to get warm and others wanted to get well. There was a long and persistent notion about the virtue to pulmonary cases of proximity to the pines. Once, indeed, the idea was so well fixed that some people dodged Southern Pines because of proximity to the pulmonaries. There are old tales that train travelers passing the Southern Pines railroad station kept their handkerchiefs over their noses. Such notions and dangers have passed. There are old people on the sunny porches of the hotels in the winter, but the main appeal is made to the muscular who count on the uninterrupted golf. Southern Pines' winter welfare now lies in its weather. And there has been some sensitiveness around the railroad station about that. One morning long ago the late James Boyd, the historical novelist whose Pennsylvania family helped develop Southern Pines, went down to the station to meet some guests on an early train. It was chilly and he pulled on an old coonskin coat. He had scarcely returned to his house on the hill before the Chamber of Commerce called to complain. Wearing that coat was like appearing with an earthquake in Southern California.

The great shake in the Sandhills was the peach orchard



boom. It is over now but the orchards remain. A good many young people out of Harvard, Dartmouth, Boston and South Bend put their faith in Sandhills peaches in the years after World War I. Some made money and had fun, too. They labored and danced. Peach brandy was a welcome addition to Prohibition corn. They even made up operettas about themselves and sang lustily to the music of "We Sail the Ocean Blue" from *Pinafore*:

*"We raise the Sandhills' peach,
And our product is a beauty.
We are sober men and each
Is attentive to his duty."*

The song went on about sun and sand, welcome showers and evening hours and put all the gay sopranos and glee club basses together with:

*"We've plenty of time for play.
Oh boy! Oh boy! We've plenty of time for play."*

In a pink blossoming time every prospect pleased. It seems a pity now that there were bugs and frosts, boom and bust ahead. A good many of the gay company only got sand in their shoes, as they admitted afterwards. But it was fun while it lasted. And while the crop of city-grown orchardists was cruelly thinned, many remained. Neither bust nor blight, peace nor war uproots the really new-rooted lover of Southern Pines.

There are, nevertheless, year round problems with year round pleasantness. Winter visitors are eagerly welcomed by those who were only visitors once themselves. There have been people in Southern Pines who even spoke of the possibility of factories. Some have proposed the paving of the winding, quick-drying sand streets. But there was more general consternation when Southern Pines lost General and Mrs. George Marshall to Pinehurst. Nobody in Southern Pines had quite realized that the attractive, talkative lady being driven around by a sergeant was *that* Mrs. Marshall.

The Southern Pines patriot shook his head sadly.

"Last winter we kind of got back by luring a fabulous Canadian hotel man, named Cardy, over here. He has show horses and bought a big place outside of town. His colors are orange and red and he has his barns, horse vans, farm trucks,



horse blankets and buckets, and God knows what else, red and orange. Also, he wears it on himself: red shirt, orange tie, or vice versa."

Pine green and peach pink are still the colors of Southern Pines, with the white sand and the brown pine needles always added, too. A variety of people, comfortable in diversity, add new color to it. Also, it is old enough now to have fixed traditions and its own familiar families. The *Southern Pines Pilot* is edited by a lady whose husband was one of the many writers who have set up their typewriters under the pines and found words a better crop than peaches. She writes of Carolina politics as well as visitors from Vermont now. The dean of the real estate men came forty years ago from the village of Jefferson, Maine. He will tell you that you can get a bargain in a house in Southern Pines.

"Nobody has to live in Southern Pines," he says.

But from October to October and from April to April, all the year round, more and more people do. Some only get sand in their shoes. But a good many more fix their own feet forever in its sand. The pines grow taller. There is a special native grape, called the scuppernong, growing on arbors to make a sweet and heady golden wine. The orchards run in endless rows across the old wasteland. What the loggers left has become a playground and a home ground, too. The danger is only that the mills are back. Sometimes now you can hear the saws, smell the rosin, where they only thought they made a wasteland once before. ■





color by Joseph Muench

Joshua Tree Forest—

a one-picture story

MOTORING across the sands of the Mojave Desert, in southern California, visitors are struck with the strange beauty of the Joshua tree forests. In the late afternoon sunlight the leaves of this native desert tree take on an iridescent glow. They are on the ends of intricately forked branches. In addition to delighting tourists the trees have proved a source of interest to scientists. Seems they have grown so slowly that virtually no change has been detected in the past 20 years. The Indians, however, have shown no prying curiosity as to their growth, but do appreciate the trees. They pulverize the black seeds from the tree's dry fruit for meal. The wood is very soft and of little commercial value. ■

It's Christmas Again

by Franklin Folger



The Christmas Play



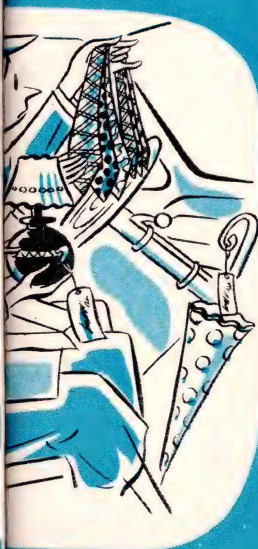
The Forgotten



The Sneak Preview



Inventory





ICE FISHING

by Burgess H. Scott

photographs by Jack Van Coevering

FISHING through the ice—with spear or line—long considered the special privilege of residents of the northern lakes regions, can be enjoyed by a much larger strip of southward population.

The average winter is cold enough to support a shanty on a lake in the central parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and thence westward. During severe winters the ice fishing boundary could be dropped as far southward as the Ohio River Valley.

One note of caution, however, before you start building a shanty to put on the ice. Since the sport grows less common as you progress southward, it is possible that your state has made no provi-

sions for that type of fishing, rendering the method illegal. Before you cut a hole in the branch, better check with the game warden or the state conservation commission to see where you stand.

But, assuming your state has no objections, the following is a brief survey of a sport that annually attracts tens of thousands of northern sportsmen. Their shanties dot the lakes like pepper on a plate of grits. They are grouped in semi-permanent villages. Boyne City, Michigan even runs electric lines out over the ice so the shanty owners may hook up for illumination.

Bait used in both fishing and spearing is as ingenious as you'll find in any form of fishing. For

instance, many winter enthusiasts catch cisco and white fish by tying on a white pearl button with thread at the bend of the hook. Others have luck using a can of white corn for bait, placing one kernel on the hook and dropping a handful of kernels to sink to the lake bottom in the vicinity of the hole.

Ice fishing is a sort of proving ground for a wide variety of baits. Some say that earthworms or manure worms are the only bait. These, to be used in winter, must have been carefully saved since the preceding fall. Others are just as enthusiastic over "wigglers" (the nymphs of large burrowing mayflies) or "reedamites" (caddis larvae). Half-rotten logs will yield

good bait in the form of larvae of various wood-boring beetles.

Toughness is one quality of good bait because it permits more fish to be caught without replacing it. Such a bait is the corn borer which, aside from its sturdiness, is a large, attractive worm as well. One angler recalls a borer that stayed on the hook during the nibbling necessary to bring in eight bluegills.

But, as could be expected, the sport in recent years has produced an ice fishing "purist," a devotee who uses nothing but the lightest tackle and no bait but tiny weighted artificial flies. Sometimes only a fly rod tip is used to bring in perch, crappies and bluegills.

The fishers-through-the-ice





often employ Rube Goldberg inventions to lure their catch. One such gadget, used by smelt fishermen, is built around a large reel mounted in the shanty over the ice hole. Around the reel is a fishing line tipped with a sinker and extending to the bottom in 30 or 40 feet of water. At intervals up the line are hooks baited with minnows.

The fisherman ties off a loop in the line above the ice with a rubber band and attaches a piece of paper which he can watch more easily than the thin line when the fish go after the bait. When the paper moves, the angler quickly reels up his hooks by pulling sharply on a hand line wound about a smaller reel. Double and even triple catches are fairly commonplace inasmuch as smelt

tend to congregate in large schools.

Another fish-powered warning device is the tip-up, a small rig used when two or more holes are being fished without shanties. When it bites, the fish pulls up a small red flag to indicate to the fisherman that he is in luck. Some fishermen use ice skates to travel between the holes.

The principal bait used in spear fishing is a small fish, hooked through the lips or back, or a cleverly made decoy with fins bent so that it can be made to swim in circles. More elaborate decoys swim continuously in a circle, the line being revolved by alarm clock works.

Spears vary in size and length according to the size of the fish sought. Wide ones with up to five

tines are used for pike, muskie, and, for the first time in 20 years, sturgeon. A number of the latter were taken last season in Michigan weighing up to 80 pounds.

Some sportsmen use a removable spearhead weighted with up to 10 pounds of lead which makes it heavy enough to spear a fish by merely dropping it. If a big fish puts up a fight the spearhead is wrenched from the handle and the fisherman can play his fish in by a line attached to the head.

In all kinds of spearing, the target area is that portion of the back between the gills and the dorsal fin. A well placed blow here paralyzes the fish and makes landing easy. But the spearer doesn't always make this kind of a bullseye. A securely speared 20 or 30-pounder that isn't paralyzed

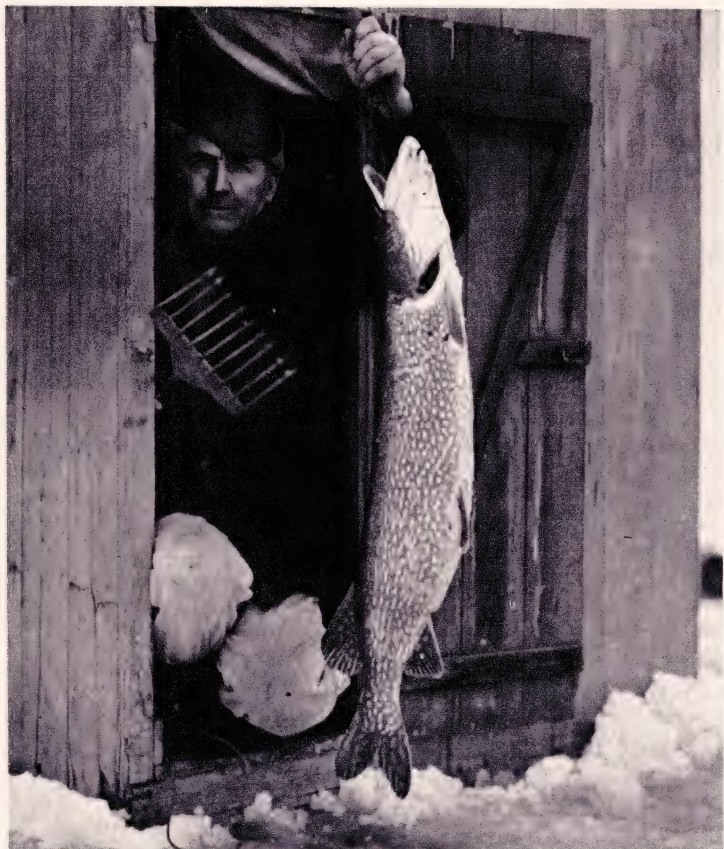
can put up a terrific struggle.

In shallow water where pike, bullhead, and panfish are speared, some fishermen find it helpful to break a white plate and drop the pieces to the bottom immediately under the ice hole, forming a better background for the spear thrust.

There is variety in the fishes' approach to the bait. For instance, pike and muskies will sometimes come daintily to the lure, making good targets of themselves, while again they take the bait with a lightning lunge that gives only the fastest spearman a chance. Some say they can see by the expression on a fish's face when he is about to take the bait.

The newcomer to fishing or spearing through the ice will do well to keep in mind that his en-





joyment of the sport depends almost totally on the way he is dressed. To keep out near-zero cold, the following types of clothing are recommended by Dr. Albert S. Hazzard, director of the Michigan Conservation Department's Institute for Fisheries Research and himself an ardent ice fisherman and spearing enthusiast.

Says Dr. Hazzard: "Felt boots with rubbers are the best footwear. For the legs and back, wear a second pair of heavy wool pants over the first, or better still, use one of the down, alpaca, or sheepskin Army surplus flying suits in place of the second pair of pants. They are still available at reasonable prices in most Army and

Navy stores and sports shops.

"A heavy mackinaw or sheepskin coat with high collar, or a down-filled coat with or without a parka is recommended. A warm cap with ear flaps or a toboggan cap takes care of the head. For the hands I like home-knit wool mittens worn inside heavy leather mittens which can be made water repellent with boot grease."

Cutting the hole in the ice is known as "spudding," and for this many use a homemade spud built by attaching a wood chisel to a pole. After the cut is made the block of ice is pulled out and the undersides of the cut are beveled to give a greater spearing arc.

Then the shanty, which usually has a floor with a hole in it, is slid over the ice hole and the place is

ready for action. The purpose of the shanty is to keep light from coming through the hole and scaring the fish, as well as to keep the fisherman warm. This is especially true of spear fishing which requires that the fish be nearer the surface. However, outside light reflected through the hole provides ample light for the spearers or fishermen in the shanty.

But there are others who, rather than go to the trouble of setting up shanties, drive their cars alongside the hole and fish out of the window, the while enjoying the convenience of their heaters and radios. At least one man has further adapted his car by adding a floorboard trap door through which he can fish while parked over the ice hole. ■

The picture below, courtesy Albert Hazzard, shows a fisherman's-eye view of the hole and bait. The poised spear will be thrust when a pike or muskie glides up to investigate the lure.





Mesa Verde

By Dama Langley

*photographs of dioramas at the
Mesa Verde museum by Ray Manley*

A SPANISH padre in 1776 was the first to record observation of the strange Mesa Verde formation in Southwestern Colorado. He saw a great mound of earth and rock rising a precipitous 2,000 feet from the floor of Montezuma Valley and extending, eight miles wide and 15 miles long, to its southern end where it terminated in a series of 1,000-foot bluffs.

Its resemblance to a monstrous green-topped council table caused him to give it the Spanish name of Mesa Verde (green table).

Had the padre decided to climb the great mesa he would have brought back the even greater news of the ancient stone dwellings its canyon walls contain. But it remained for two cattlemen in 1888, Richard Wetherill and Charlie Mason, searching the mesa for strayed cattle, to draw their horses up on the rim of one of the canyons seaming the mesa top and see the dwellings, since named Cliff Palace, that continue to intrigue scientists and laymen.

It wasn't until 18 years later, in 1906, that Congress set aside 50,275 acres of canyon and mesa lands, including the great mesa, as Mesa Verde National Park. Soon after the cattlemen's discovery, however, a Swedish scientist, realizing the value of the discovery, had led an expedition which collected a large amount of relics and shipped them to Sweden, where they lay unnoticed in a warehouse. In 1938 they were transferred to a museum in Helsinki, Finland.

In the meantime American explorations progressed, most of them headed by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Bureau of American Ethnology. It is now believed by many ethnologists that the first people to live in the natural caves of Mesa Verde were relatively small and primitive Mongoloid hunters who



probably came to North America via the Aleutian Islands 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. Then, through the hundreds of centuries that followed, one set of people absorbed or supplanted another until about 1,000 A.D., when an alien people moved in who became known as the first Pueblo Indians.

The men were farmers and weavers. They grew maize on the mesa and down in the damp canyon bottoms they planted beans, squash and cotton. It must have been a favored land for America's prehistorics, rich in life's necessities.

Women Cliff Dwellers ground corn for bread, gathered nuts and seeds, and prepared food for their families. They made pottery and carried water from streams and springs far down the canyon sides. They even put finishing touches on the buildings after the heavy rocks and timbers were in place. They raised babies and cared for the old folks in those eyries where only low walls stood between them and a thousand-foot fall.

Perhaps one of their duties was to feed and care for the captured wild turkeys and pluck feathers from them when a pompous husband decided to make himself a ceremonial robe out of the feathers and cotton string.

These peaceful farmers were driven by enemies to build their stone and masonry cliff houses, and it is these skillfully constructed home-fortresses that the visitor to Mesa Verde sees. The most impressive of these dwellings is Cliff Palace which at one time was home to perhaps 22 clans.

Quarters for single clans usually included sleeping and eating rooms, a granary, and a "kiva," or ceremonial room open only to the men. As a rule the kiva was built underground. The greater part of the group cliff dwellings began as a few rooms with a single kiva, growing larger as subsequent additions were made.

Archaeologists believe that a great drought occurring between 1276 and 1299 forced the Cliff Dwellers to leave the mesa. What happened to them is one more archaeological mystery, although there is a possibility they were absorbed by other Pueblo tribes of the Southwest.

The accompanying color photographs were made in the Park museum and are of dioramas, or accurately scaled miniature settings that show how the Cliff Dwellers used their buildings.

Mesa Verde is open from mid-May to October 15. There is but one entrance: five miles from Mancos, Colorado, off U.S. 160. ■



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East-West

photographs by Joseph Muench and Thomas Peters Lake

THIRTY-FIVE years ago Palm Springs, California was a sleepy little hamlet on a poor road with a single store and a roadside inn. What made it different from other neighboring towns was the fact that it was one of the few places in California where early settlers found palm trees growing wild. That and its hot water springs, which made it a desert oasis even before the days of irrigation, attracted growing throngs of visitors. Today with its pastel-tinted houses, topped with red tile, it is one of the most famous and colorful resorts of Southern California.

CAMDEN, one of the loveliest old towns in Maine, has been rediscovering itself as a tourist attraction while other resorts have been experiencing their first boom. For Camden enjoys a rare distinction on the East coast: so steeply do the Camden Hills (Champlain described them in 1605 as "the mountains of Bedabedec") rise from the sea that slalom races and ski jumps are features of the same winter carnival that offers harness racing on the ice. Captain John Smith, tonguetied in proposing, waxed eloquent in describing the site of Camden lying— ". . . under the high mountains of the Penobscot against whose feet the sea doth beat." ■



← *The Yellowstone River winds through Paradise Valley near Livingstone, Montana. Color by Ray Atkeson.*

Mountains of the West—1-Northwest Panorama
(continued from page 5)

the Snake River, most imperious of the Columbia's turbulent tributaries. This is 6,000-foot Hell's Canyon, deeper than any other abyss on the continent. Even on the clearest of mountain mornings, Hell's Canyon seems filled with a dim blue haze like some painting by Maxfield Parrish. The granite domes of the Wallowas rim the canyon on the west, the jagged horns of the Seven Devils enclose it on the east.

And now the pilgrim in the sky sees only mountains. He looks down on a domain where the earth has been stood on end. Neither gray desert nor cultivated valley breaches the continuity of rocky summits, ragged snow patches and the lacy fringe of pine. Mile-deep chasms form moats between the ranges, which have such different names as the Salmon and the Cabinet but all are blood brothers of the Rockies. The peaks reach virtually a uniform height, as though some Paul Bunyan with a reaper's scythe had reduced them to one level. The white trademark of winter clings to the north-facing slopes, and nurtures the ruffles and spray faintly seen at the bottom of the gorges.

Man's handiwork is scant, indeed, in this mountain principality. U.S. 10 and U.S. 30, which stretched across the sagebrush in tangents like endless strips of adhesive tape, have swung off to avoid the labyrinth of trenches and crags. This is why Lemhi Pass in the Bitterroot Range, where the first westbound white men ascended the Continental Divide, is used today by neither automobile road nor railway. The canyons below the Lemhi, in which Lewis and Clark encountered "miles of rock and white water," have discouraged even modern road builders.

U. S. 30 seeks South Pass, far off to that direction in Wyoming, where the wagons of the Oregon Trail jolted across the Rockies. Twice, via McDonald Pass above Helena and via Pipestone Pass looking down on Butte, U. S. 10 conquers the

← *The eastern Washington Palouse grain fields from historic Steptoe Butte. Color by Ray Atkeson.*





rugged gables of the continent. And near the international border U. S. 2 curves through Marias Pass, named by Capt. Meriwether Lewis on his return trek eastward, for Maria Wood of Albemarle, Virginia, "that lovely, fair one."

Our lofty observer soars eastward from Idaho and out over Montana, in the direction of Lewis and Clark's bygone home pilgrimage back to civilization. This is the area of the main Rockies, yet paradoxically the myriad of ranges which comprise the Rockies are now farther apart. Grassy valleys separate the ranges, which occasionally stand almost alone like isolated fortresses. The moving brown specks belly deep in the forage of the Big Hole are Herefords fattening for distant dinner tables. Alfalfa fields are green along the rivers. And even as the ranges are more aloof from one another, so are the mountain peaks themselves.

Glaciers in the Ice Age tooled these peaks, and they are knife-edged in their sheerness. Climbers find them a stern test of alpine skill. From the sky they are ponderous cathedrals which gleam and glisten, for the seamed faces are naked to the sun. The observer in the sky knows why Lewis and Clark heard from the Blackfeet that the Rockies were "the Shining Mountains." Timberline is not a ragged fringe on these peaks. It is a tightly-noosed lariat, for the trees are thrust back by precipitous cliffs before the elevation of wind and intense cold is reached.

Byzantine Cathedrals, Gothic spires, Oriental minarets—all are duplicated by the sculptured monoliths which form the Montana Rockies. These massive temples rise out of lush gardens, for fireweed and columbine and glacier lilies flourish until winter's first harsh breath. Color abounds, and may be appreciated from high in the clear, dry air. The rivers at their source are chocolate-hued with the silt of glaciers, but this soon is strained away by gravel. The rocks are of many tints, and more than one Matterhorn-shaped peak is banded like Joseph's coat.

Yellowstone Lake and the lakes of Jackson Hole are wide abdomens of green. They glisten only a few miles apart. From far above they appear to be neighboring blocks on some vast linoleum pattern. Yet Yellowstone Lake helps suckle the Missouri, whose reaches, via the Mississippi and Gulf of Mexico, eventually mingle with the Atlantic Ocean, while Jackson Hole is the source of the Snake, which pours its restless tribute to the Columbia, and so at last to the Pacific.



The observer moves on, still headed toward the rising sun. Farther eastward the high prairie comes up to meet the Rockies, which slowly flatten out. The Bighorn Range and the Little Rockies are last, lingering outposts of the mountains. On the jagged escarpments of the Bighorn's summits, our binocular vision can sometimes pick out one of the cornucopia-horned animals which inspired the name given to the range by pioneering fur traders.

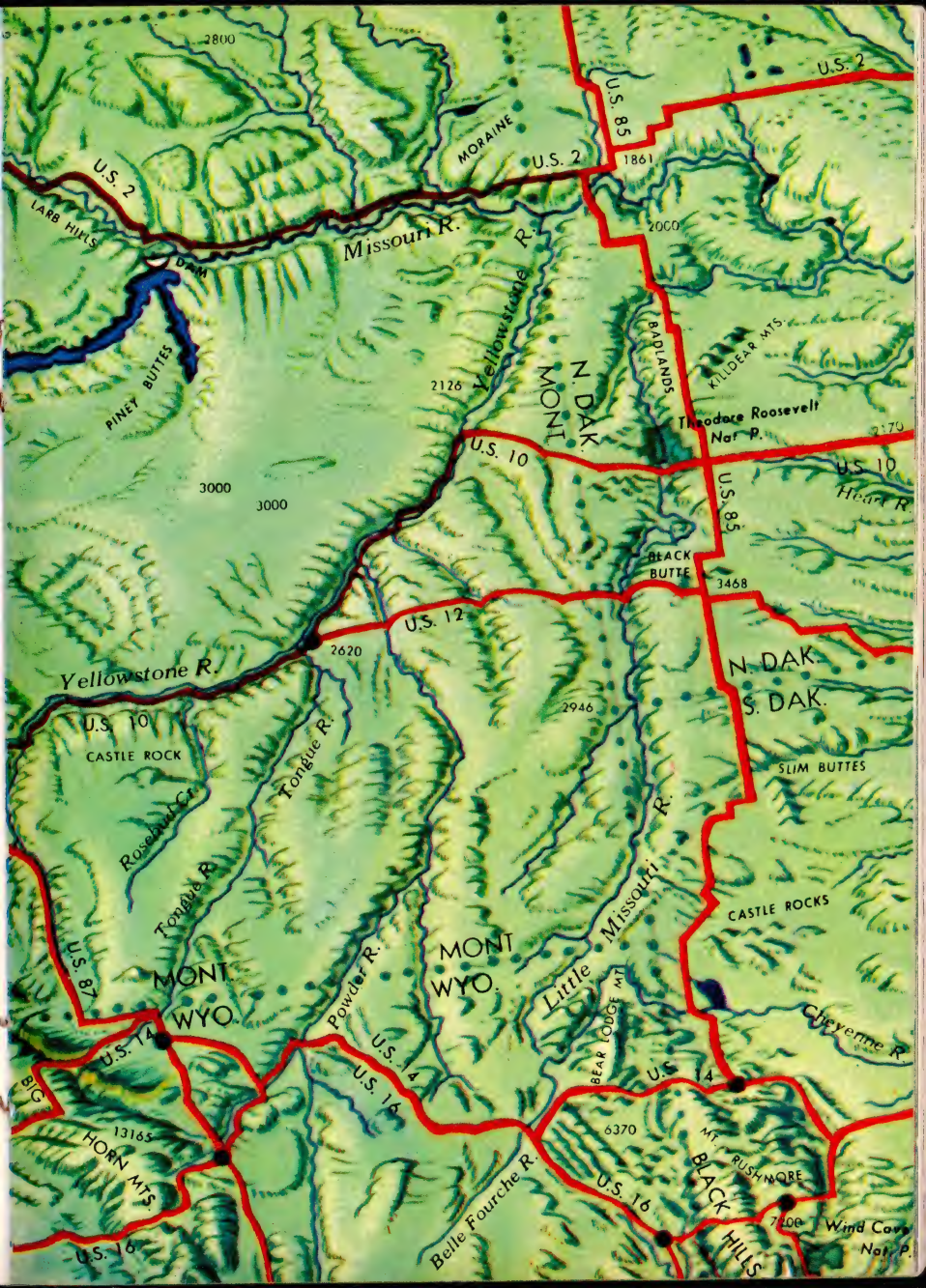
Sod has superseded rock. The Missouri flows between crumbling banks and is a torrent of bean-soup coloring. Fort Peck's long, low earthen dam impounds it momentarily into a limpid tureen. The Yellowstone, fresh from its pebbly birthplace, empties a clear broth from the mountains, but this only mildly dilutes the muddy current of the Missouri. Arid benches lie above the stream. Yet the loamy soil is rich, for rectangular patches of corn and barley disclose successful irrigation.

This is a land of bunch grass, which slants gently in the direction of sea level. Its somberness seems intensified after the wildflower coverlets of the Rockies. Highways and railroads, finally free of their imprisonment in granite gorges, stretch like taut cables toward the skyline.

Just as Montana's last shallow coulee merges with the carpeted floor of the prairie, a comb of broken summits ruffles the distant eastern horizon. These are the Black Hills, a half-moon of 7,000-foot domes along the edge of South Dakota. To the frontiersmen they were dark and sinister; some explorers mistook them for the legendary Rockies. But from the air the thinly-wooded pine mantel of the Black Hills is a cheerful green contrast to the drab plains. Red outcroppings further challenge the name of this beleaguered, isolated range, and lonely rock towers contradict the term "hills."

As quickly as the Black Hills loomed in the distance, so do they drop behind, for this oasis of peaks and trees is not of great breadth. Twelve hundred miles from the "rain forests" of the Olympics, the final western height of land has been passed. Now the earth flattens into the Great Prairies of the Inland Empire, unbroken until the foothills of the eastern mountains. ■







Radium Springs, Canada

Transcontinental Honeymoon

IV Glacier Park to McDermitt, Nevada

SINCE Dom and Mary Lupo started their cross-continental honeymoon last June they have added thousands of miles to their new Ford and dozens of sketches of America to their collection. For Dom has literally painted his way from the milling streets of New York City to the primitive mountain country of Glacier National Park in northern Montana. (See September, October and November FORD TIMES.)

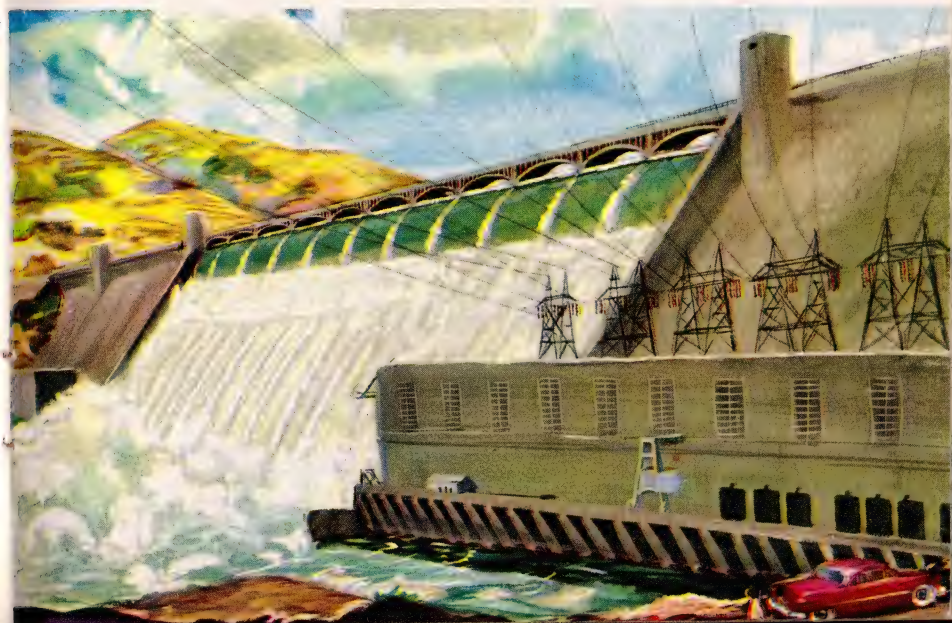
"After our wonderful stay at Glacier Park we headed for Banff. A brief stop at the border customs and we started on the long gravel road through Canada . . . coming into the city of Banff in the late afternoon sunlight it was easy to see why this is a "must" trip into Canada. The town is lovely and we especially liked the cabins tucked away in the pines."

The next day on their way to Lake Louise, Dom and Mary saw a giant moose calmly drinking at a water hole by the road. After seeing the lake, a magnificent brilliant blue splash high in the mountains, they headed back for the border by way of



♣ *Banff, Canada*

♣ *Grand Coulee Dam*



Radium Springs pass, "a terrific gap cutting through tremendous rocks."

"We got off the main route (Alt. U. S. 10) to Washington State Highway to drive to Grand Coulee Dam. Besides the inspiring piece of engineering you marvel at such guide-given facts as 'there is enough cement in the dam to cover the state of Montana with a three inch layer,' or 'one pump would supply the water needs of all Chicago'. Might be handy information to remember if I get on a quiz program.

"After a quick visit through Mt. Ranier in Washington we headed for the Snake River Canyon. At one point saved quite a few miles by taking a ferry across the Columbia River. This was south of Prosser on Washington State Highway 8."

Getting to the canyon part of the Snake River was a task to challenge any car. The road, which is bumpy and narrow, stops before you get in sight of the real attraction, Box Canyon, so the sketches had to be made of scenes on the way. The townspeople told them that plans were under way to build a giant new dam here that would turn barren desert into fertile farm lands.

Leaving the tortuous roads of Snake Canyon behind, the honeymooners set out for Nevada.

"At one spot we couldn't help slowing down to take a good look at this weird range of Rocky Mountains. Being late in the afternoon the long shadows gave the whole scene a spooky look, much as we'd imagine the mountains on the moon would appear . . . We were glad to get into McDermitt, Nevada because we'd had enough of lonely deserted miles of sagebrush. The only sign of life had been an occasional curious cow who'd wandered onto the highway."

Next month sketches will appear on the California segment of their trip.



*Ferry across
the Columbia*



↑ *SNAKE RIVER*

↓ *JORDAN VALLEY*



Sea-Going Hot Rods

by Brady Gibbs

photographs by Charles O'Rork

*renderings by Gordon Clifton from photographs
by Charles O'Rork*

AN EXCITING sport has adopted Lake Maggiore, in the heart of St. Petersburg, giving Florida the prospect of playing host regularly to the fastest racing boats in the country. The result will no doubt be that this Southland city will see many of the mounting list of new speed records.

CHARLES O'RORK, Orlando, Florida, photographer, climbed into a light float plane and was flown at uncomfortably low levels over Lake Maggiore, Florida, to shoot the color shots in his unusual coverage of a power boat regatta. In covering his story O'Rork went through enough bad air and picture conditions to make the average man want to give up both flying and photography.

In the first place, the small plane wasn't fast enough to keep up with the championship boats he was out to photograph. Then,

bad crosswinds made the flying rough; the course was short for a plane to negotiate, and, finally, light conditions prevented him from shooting at speeds any faster than 1/100th of a second.

All of these unfavorable factors added up to but one mishap; during one low lap the little plane slammed down onto the water, shaking them up, but the skill of the pilot soon brought the ship back into the air. Neither received more than light cuts and bruises.

The lake is in St. Petersburg and is considered by powerboat

Sawyer, right, gives the gun to "Belligero's" 90 hp six engine. Last winter Sawyer and "Belligero" tallied eight firsts, two seconds, and three thirds in 13 starts. →



"Penny" Pennington, left, pours an alcohol blend fuel into his record-holding "Copperhead," powered with a Mercury engine. Paul Sawyer, right, in "Belligero." At top speeds these boats actually fly, with little more than the fin, rudder, and propeller touching the water at any one time.



Smaller than the preceding boats is "Sid's Ace," shown speeding at right. This is of the class using engines of 135 cubic inch cylinder displacement, usually 60 hp V8s. →

drivers to be one of the most perfect race courses in the country. Racing was not permitted on Lake Maggiore until last winter, but the opening events drew participants that were described as "a cross section of the fastest boats in the country."

Among these was the Florida-owned Copperhead, outstanding boat of the winter circuit. This 225 cubic inch class boat is powered by a 90 Ford six and was driven by its former owner, Penny Pennington to a world's record of 70.245 mph on California's Salton Sea. Also there was Belligero, another top flight boat powered with the 90 six.

Another star performer at Lake Maggiore's first races was N-1, a 225 class hydroplane powered with a 100 hp V-8. N-1 was owned and driven by the late "Pop" Cooper of Kansas City, veteran driver who died last summer of injuries received when his 135 cu. in. class Blue Blazes, well in the lead in the higher powered 225 race at Picton, Ontario, shot into the air and turned over.

These owners and drivers show mechanical genius in the proce-

dures they have developed in squeezing extra power and revolutions out of the stock Ford engines they use. In some cases horsepower has been doubled.

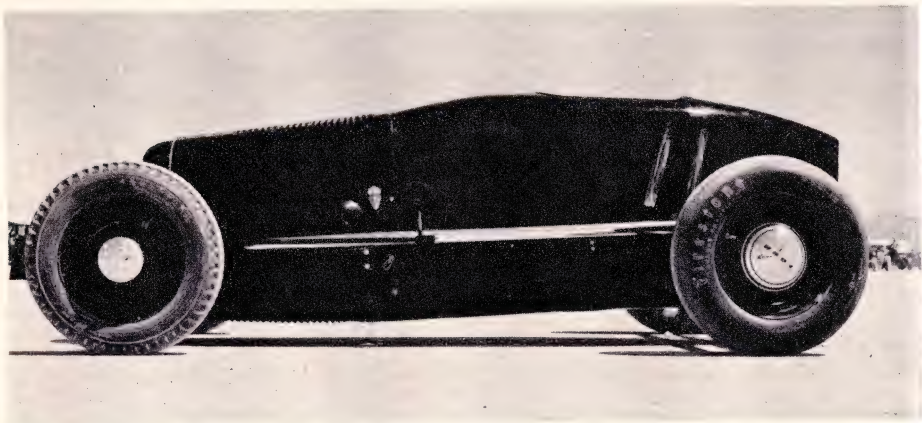
In general the souping up is achieved through adding more carburetors, polishing out the ports, and regrinding camshafts. Yet more power is added by use of special high-compression cylinder heads and manifolds. Sometimes the blocks are re-bored to receive larger pistons.

One of the latest developments is to install the engine on its side, permitting the superstructure to be lowered and thus reducing wind resistance. One version of this has been worked out by Pennington on his new 225 hydroplane, using a 90 hp six.

Look for more records on Lake Maggiore during this winter season and those to follow because leading race drivers over the country say "we'll be there if the race is going to be on Lake Maggiore." Local enthusiasts can assure them of its use because permission has been obtained from the City Council to hold the Southland Sweepstakes on it every year. ■

Pennington, right, drives "Copperhead" at high speed. This boat turned in a record speed of 70.245 mph last year on California's Salton Sea. A 90 hp six powers his present boat. →





photographs by W. A. Detwiler, Jr.

HOTTEST HOT ROD

by Melvin Beck

THE snub-nosed car shown above is the fastest of about 500 "greased lightning" rods owned by members of the Southern California Timing Association. It's probably the world's champion in the popular sport of "souping up" old cars which have defied the junk heap in spite of their age. The fact that 97 per cent of these hot rods use Ford-built engines is an amazing tribute to their built-in sturdiness.

Last July this car, owned by Stuart Hilborn of Los Angeles, covered one lap of an electrically-timed quarter mile at 150.5 mph on El Mirage Dry Lake, 130 miles northeast of Los Angeles. To the engine-wise hot rod enthusiasts, cracking the 150-mph mark was as much of a feat as aviation's recent plunge through the sonic barrier.

For our mechanically inclined readers, here are the vital statistics of Hilborn's car:

It has Ford front and rear axles, the front fastened directly to the frame and the rear suspended by a revamped Ford

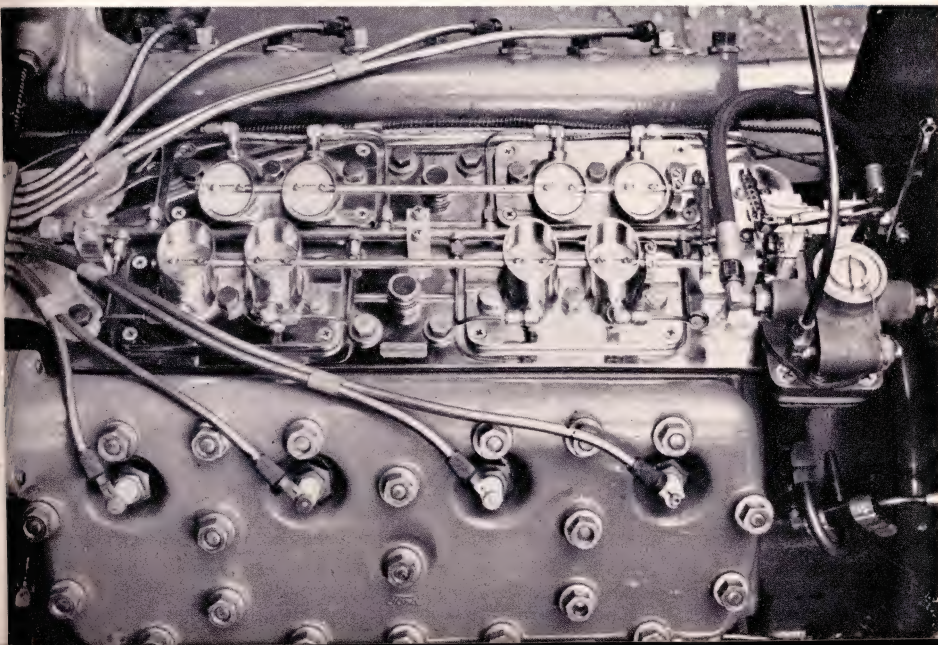
spring. The rear axle ratio is 3.27:1, and the rear wheels have hydraulic brakes. The engine is a 1934 V8, with one of the most ingenious fuel systems yet devised. Hilborn obtains carburetion through a fuel injection of the constant flow type, a method which he originated.

Fuel is delivered into the intake ports by a pump driven off the oil pump drive. The amount and pressure of the fuel delivered depends on the speed of the car. Air is admitted through a butterfly valve above each port. Fuel used was an alcohol-benzol blend.

Cylinder heads are Ford with redesigned combustion chambers, increasing the compression ratio to about 8:1. Ignition system is Scintilla Vertex. Valve timing has been changed by regrinding the camshaft so that both lift and duration of opening have been increased.

At 150 mph this engine is turning 5,900 rpm, and on a recent dynamometer test it delivered 190 hp (original rating 85 hp).

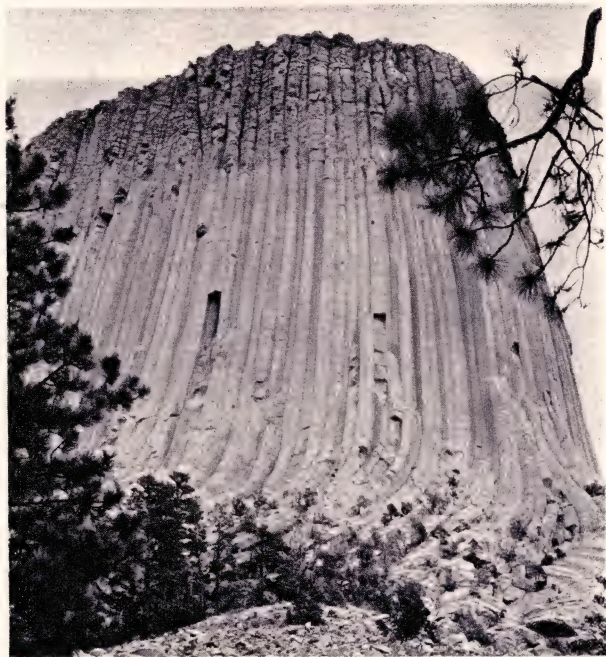
The driving fans are by no means stopping with this mark. Somewhere some young fellow is tinkering on the car that will boost the mark up to 160 mph. ■





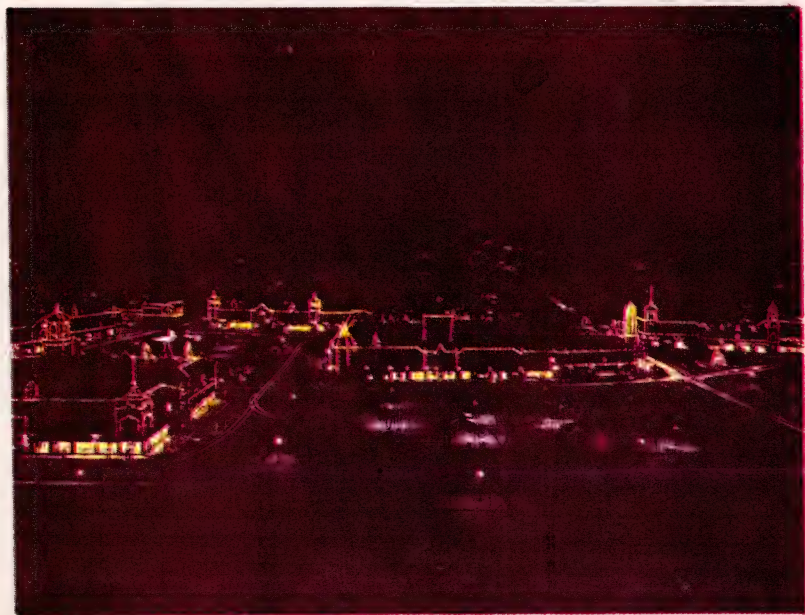
*"This thing points to one half . . . but I can't tell whether
it's half full or half empty."*

Devil's Tower — a one-picture story



photograph by Arthur L. Center

TRAVELERS to and from Yellowstone Park on U. S. Highway 14 have this extra helping of awe-striking scenery to look forward to: Devil's Tower National Monument, a gigantic landmark that can be seen over most of the Northeastern corner of Wyoming. The pillar, composed of phonitic lava, is 865 feet tall, and rests on a rounded wooded base which gives it a total height of 1,200 feet over the winding Belle Fourche River below. Millions of years ago when the Rocky Mountains and the Black Hills were being formed, Devil's Tower was a mass of molten rock. Pressure forced it upward out of an ancient volcano and it then cooled, forming the five-sided or six-sided columnars which give it its distinctive appearance. President Theodore Roosevelt named it the country's first National Monument in 1906. ■



Christmas

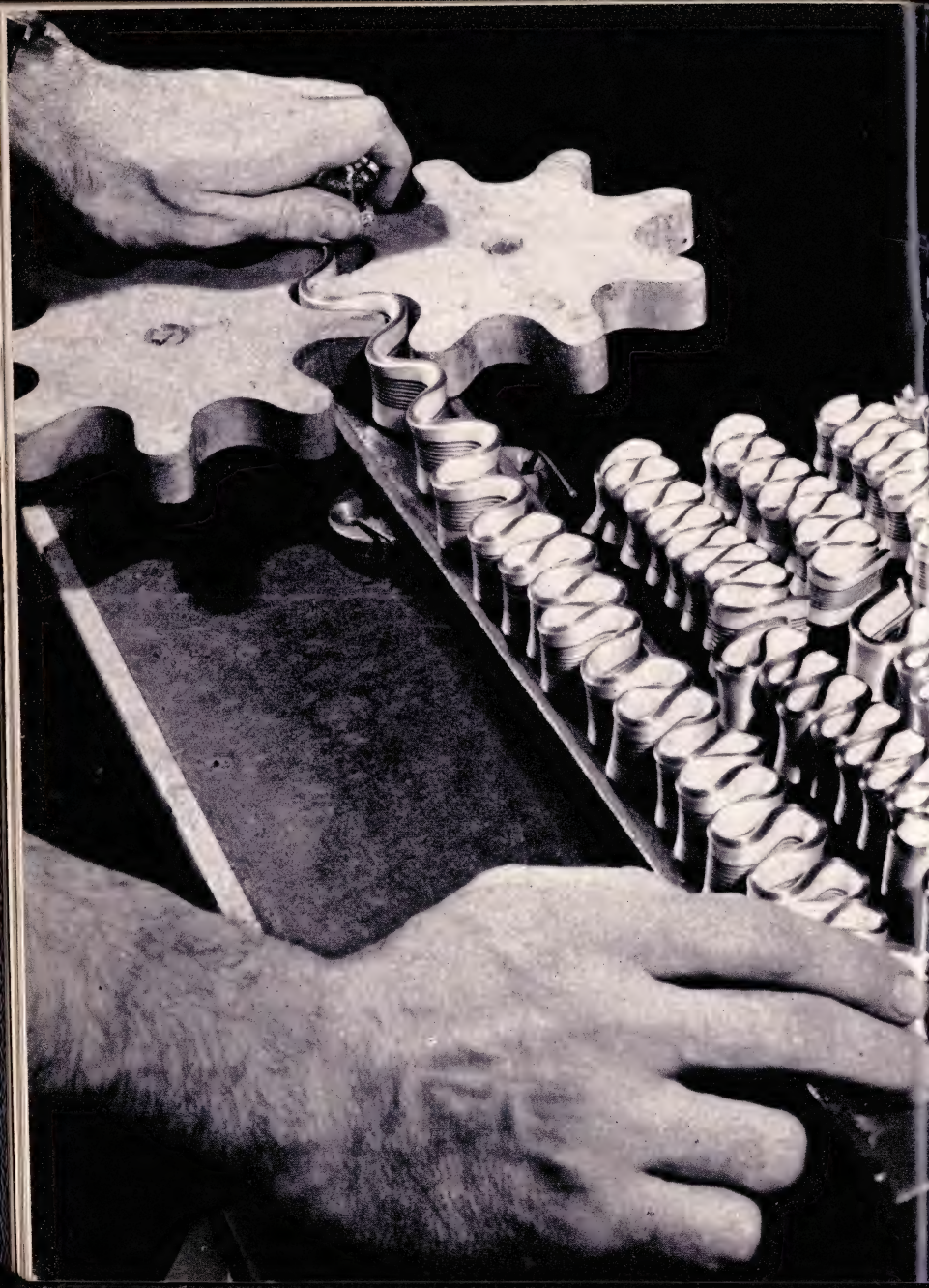
STARTING in early autumn, DeLois Griffiths, employee of the Ford wheel and coil spring plant in Hamilton, Ohio, begins casting the plaster of paris Santa Clauses with which he remembers his friends each Christmas.

Griffiths, an Army veteran, began his art career several years ago at the Chicago Institute of Fine Arts. Now he devotes his spare time to woodcarving, examples of which are the molds for the little Santas.

After the plaster has hardened, the figures are pried out of the mold and painted in their bright holiday colors. Fascinated by the procedure are six-year-old Lynn Hoooven and his twin sister Marilyn.

KANSAS CITY is justly proud of its world-famous Country Club Plaza, a fabulous business district designed and built by J. C. Nichols, pioneer subdivider and nationally known city planner. The Plaza houses 240 tenants in 25 buildings, all of Spanish architecture. Even its many free parking stations have colorful Spanish decorations.

Attractive all the year round, the Plaza outdoes itself each Christmas when it turns into a mystical city of lights that draws thousands of visitors from many states. 50,000 lights, candles and lighted Christmas trees create the effect seen in the picture at left. It was taken from the roof of one of the skyscraper apartment buildings that flank the bowl-like Plaza. ■





photos by George Pickov

Christmas Candy

by Nancy Kennedy

DO YOU EVER long for old fashioned candy canes, taffy or the delectable curlicues of ribbon candy? There's a candy shop in Northampton, Massachusetts that has resisted the modern trend to vitamin-enriched nougats and bon bons in sterile sealed tins; and has stuck, literally, to the old favorites. A back room of the quaint shop is the kitchen and there is little in the way of new fangled candy-making gadgets.

Taffy is pulled from a hook on the wall and manipulated by hand until it becomes spongy and white. Striped candy canes start out a mass of pliable white candy, carefully striped with anise and peppermint. A "twister" wearing loose gloves then skillfully twists and turns it into a long unbroken roll. "Apples" are pinched off a seemingly endless candy roll with string, a clove is stuck in the top for a final note of realism. Hand-operated wooden gears put the familiar crimp into ribbon candy.

Finished delicacies are quickly popped into the fat-bellied jars and reed baskets lining the shelves of the shop. The only new look is the cellophane wrap on the mint sticks. Otherwise you feel that you have wandered into a candy shop of the Victorian era.

Drawn by the fragrance of sugar and spice youngsters swarm over the shop clutching their pennies as they engage in the serious and difficult business of choosing. This is one place where they can't go wrong. ■



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

Gourmet, Ohio

Christmas Pudding

½ pound citron, sliced thin
¼ pound lemon peel, sliced thin
¼ pound orange peel, sliced thin
2 pounds raisins, cut
2 pounds seedless raisins
2 pounds currants
1 pound beef suet, chopped fine
1 teaspoon salt
2 loaves white bread, crumbed
4 pounds of sugar
4 quarts chopped apples
¼ pound blanched almonds, chopped coarsely
1 dozen eggs, well beaten
1 wine glass brandy

Mix together ingredients in the order given. Pack into buttered

pudding bowls topped with white cloth tied firmly in place. Place bowls in a basin filled with hot water and steam for three hours.

A crystal ball in the sky, the Gourmet restaurant atop the new Terrace Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati, seats only 56 diners. Guests are impressed by the superb French food as well as the breathtaking view of the surrounding hills.

← Painting of Gourmet for the TIMES by Charles Harper

← Painting of Padua Hills for the TIMES by Ralph Hulett

Padua Hills, California

Buñuelos

3 cups sifted flour
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
4 eggs
½ cup milk
¼ cup melted butter or oleo
Enough oil or shortening to deep fry

Beat eggs; add milk and melted butter. Sift dry ingredients into this to make a soft dough that may be easily handled without sticking. Make into balls the size of walnuts; roll on a slightly floured board until it is a large circle like a tortilla or very thin pancake. Fry in deep fat until golden brown. Drain and sprinkle with sugar mixed with ground stick cinnamon. At Christmas serve the

buñuelos broken into a soup bowl covered with a thin syrup made by boiling 2 cups of brown sugar in 2 cups water flavored with 1 stick cinnamon and 1 whole clove.

The Padua Hills restaurant north of Claremont, Calif. is a part of the Padua Hills Institute—a non-profit organization incorporated "To promote, foster and encourage interest in the arts and manners of Early California and Mexico."



Shamrock Inn, Washington

Fruit Salad Dressing

- 2 cups pineapple juice
- 2 cups orange juice
- 1 cup lemon juice
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 egg yolks
- 2 heaping tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 tablespoon butter

Mix juice in top of double boiler. When hot add egg yolks, slightly beaten and blended with cornstarch. Cook 15-20 minutes, stir in butter after removing from stove. Dressing may be served

plain or folded into whip cream for fruit salad topping.

Five miles south of Chehalis, Washington on U.S. 99 is the Shamrock Inn, owned and operated by Mary McCrank. Because she feels that quality falls off with too much quantity, the restaurant is open only from 11 a. m. to 3 p. m.

← Painting of Shamrock Inn for the TIMES by Harry Bonath

← Painting of Tavern on the Green for the TIMES by Harvey Kidder

Tavern on the Green, New York

Tavern Chestnut Dressing

- 1 pound chestnuts
- ½ cup chopped Virginia ham
- 2 medium onions
- ½ loaf white bread
- ½ stalk celery
- 1 tablespoon parsley

Soak bread in three cups water. Add chopped ham. Brown celery and onions, lightly; add to bread and ham together with chestnuts, freshly boiled. Stir thoroughly. Bake at 300°F. for 15 minutes. Serve with your holiday turkey which has been roasted separately

after having been stuffed with a stalk of celery and chopped onions and carrots.

Surrounded by Central Park in New York City, the Tavern on the Green, offers a restful country atmosphere in the midst of the city. Open the year-round, the Tavern moves outdoors in the summer with dancing and dining under the stars.

GAME SECTION

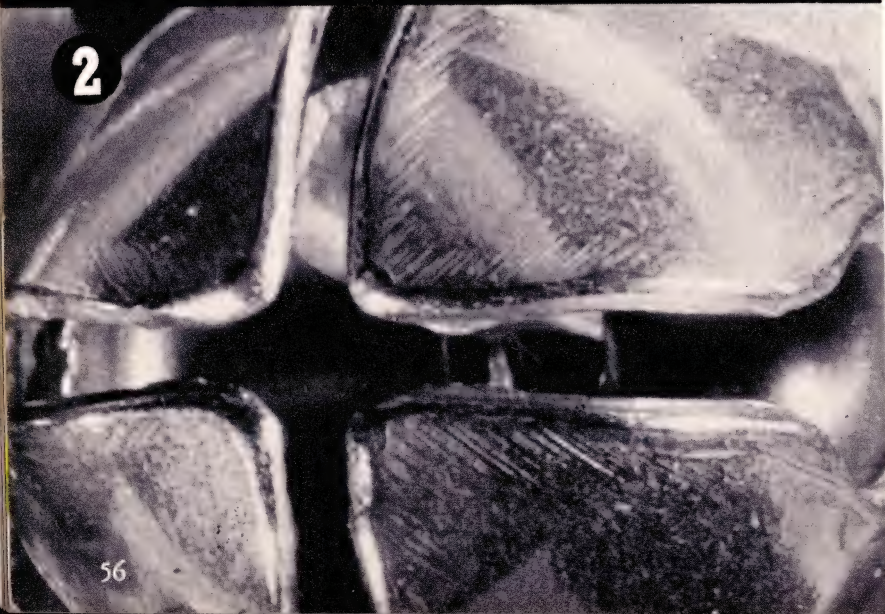
What Is It?

Each year at Yuletide the following pieces of paraphernalia are a common sight to us. The camera has depicted these items in odd angles and it will test your perception to identify them. Guess all six and you qualify as an expert on Christmas ornamentation. Answers on page 60.

photos by George Pickow



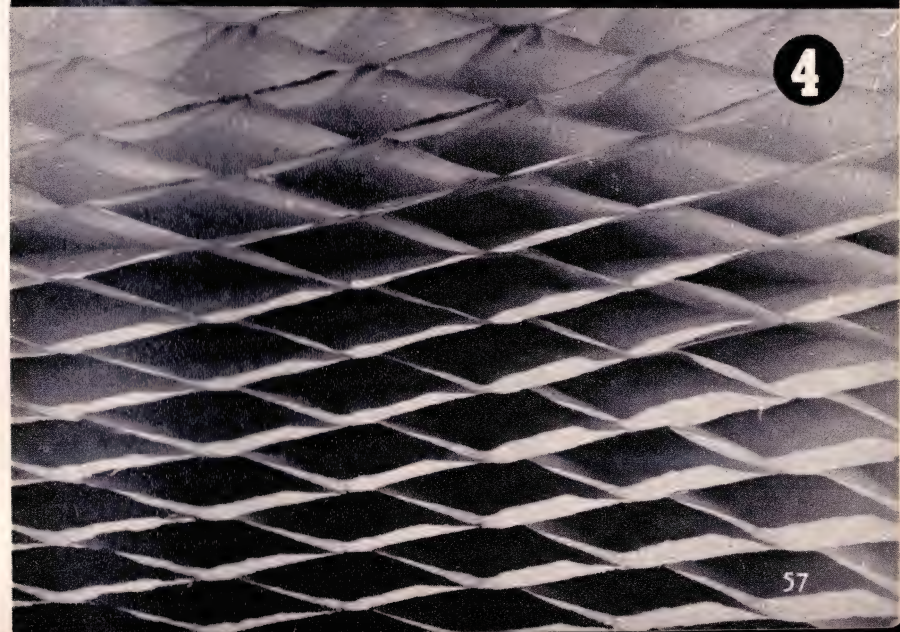
Not gears nor a hot cross bun . . .





3

... not meteors nor honey-comb ...



4



. . . not teeth nor branches.



Where Is It?

There's more to a city than a name! Following are listed facts about six cities in the U. S. and you should be able to supply their names. Six correct makes you as accurate as the road atlas; four places you in the reliable class; but only two . . . well, you had better double check every route on your trip with the map. Answers on page 60.



1 Shades of Napoleon!

On the banks of the Cedar River . . . Napoleon met defeat near a city of the same name . . . Sinclair Lewis once a reporter on the local paper . . . annual events: Dairy Cattle Congress and National Belgian Horse Show, held in the fall . . . U. S. 20 and 63 intersect in the city . . . meat packing a big industry here . . . surrounded by a grain-growing and stock raising region.



2 Salty City

Once said that a "sea captain lived in every house" . . . named

for Lyme Regis of Dorsetshire, England . . . set off from the town of Saybrook in 1665 . . . clipper ships once slid down the ways onto the Lieutenant River and sailed to foreign ports . . . in early days it had a state monopoly on the manufacture of salt . . . situated a little off U. S. 1 . . . popular art colony in the summer.



3 Once in Louisiana

First permanent settlement in Missouri . . . located in the region once included in Upper Louisiana . . . shipping point for an excellent grade of marble . . . on the Mississippi River and State Highway 25 . . . on New Year's Eve, masked revelers dressed as Indians shuffle from house to house and sing "La Guignolee", an ancient French song . . . named for a saint.



4 Pirate Hide-Out

One of the largest industries is alkali plant located on the port's industrial canal . . . in the center of a great agricultural area and the headquarters for the south Texas oil and gas industries . . . a large Naval Air Training Station near here . . . popular summer and winter resort . . . U. S. 181 leads into the city.



5 Night Baseball Born Here

Second largest city in Indiana . . . in the heart of the city the St. Mary's and St. Joseph Rivers join to form the Maumee River . . . named for General "Mad Anthony" Wayne . . . claims to be the birthplace of night baseball with a game June 2, 1883 . . . U. S. 27, 33 and 30 will take you there . . . close to the Ohio border.

6 "City of Roses"

Birthplace of General Douglas MacArthur . . . known as the "City of Roses" because of the profusion of roses in its residential section . . . important industrial, financial and transportation center . . . medical school and hospital of the University of Arkansas here . . . U. S. 67 and 65 two ways into the city.

ANSWERS

What Is It?

1. Christmas candles
2. Sleigh bell
3. Christmas stockings
4. Crepe paper bell
5. Tree lights
6. Reindeer antlers

Where Is It?

1. Waterloo, Iowa
2. Old Lyme, Connecticut
3. Ste. Genevieve, Missouri
4. Corpus Christi, Texas
5. Fort Wayne, Indiana
6. Little Rock, Arkansas

Contributors' Page



The author of "Southern Pines" is the son of the late JOSEPHUS DANIELS, secretary of the Navy under President Wilson, and former ambassador to Mexico. Now he runs his father's noted paper, the Raleigh News and Observer, and sells more papers than there are people in Raleigh. Daniels also finds time to turn out pieces for the Saturday Evening Post, The Saturday Review of Literature, McCall's, and Harper's. His books include "A Southerner Discovers the South," "A Southerner Discovers New England," and "Tar Heels: A Portrait of North Carolina." Daniels and his wife, who acts as his secretary and assistant, live in a red brick Charleston type house in Raleigh, and keep two typewriters going steadily. Daniels' two favorite diversions are reading and talking. He reads at least two or three books a week and an average of 10 newspapers a day. And as for talking—among his friends the saying goes that "the only prerequisite for entering into conversation with him is to be born human."

RANULPH BYE, who painted the watercolors accompanying our story on Southern Pines, is a native of Pennsylvania. He currently instructs at Moore Institute of Art in Philadelphia. He has exhibited frequently and has received several awards—among them first prize in watercolor in the U.S. Army Arts Contest in 1945.



When our request for biographical matter found RICHARD L. NEUBERGER up in British Columbia gathering material for stories his wife promptly wrote the following about the author of "Mountains of the West, Northwest Panorama":

"He is 35. He was born in Oregon. He studied law at the University of Oregon, but prefers journalism. He served a term in the state legislature but resigned in 1942 to enter military service. He was in the Army a month longer than three years; most of that time he was in Alaska. He was aide-de-camp to Gen. James A. O'Connor, who built the Alaska Highway and the airfields at Nome and Fairbanks. He is correspondent in the Northwest for the New York Times, feature and editorial writer for the Portland Oregonian, and has contributed to many leading magazines. His hiking companion in the summer is Associate Justice William O. Douglas of the U.S. Supreme Court who vacations in Oregon. Dick says the judge is far tougher and more durable than he is. Camp cooking is one of Dick's specialties and he collects recipes for stew, sourdough hotcakes and trout."



ROBERT COLLINS finished his maps for the "Mountains of the West" series, starting in this issue of the TIMES, just in time to pack his family into the Ford and drive across the country to Seattle, there to start the school year as an instructor in the Art Department of the University of Washington. During the last two years he has been earning his Bachelor and Master of Fine Arts degrees at Cranbrook Academy of Art while contributing many notable maps and illustrations to the TIMES.

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Bristol, Pennsylvania

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Front cover—four paintings for the TIMES interpreting the season in the four corners of our country. Painted as follows: NW by Harry Borgman; NE by C. F. Korten; SE by Katherine Grace; SW by Ralph Hulett. Merry Christmas.

The TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.